

Sunshower

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by [Nika_Raven_Celeste](#)

Summary

The last time anyone ever saw Wei Ying is during that Discussion Conference in Qishan. Following his seceding of Yunmeng Jiang Sect, he was never seen by anyone of gentry family. Only whispers of common folks and rogue cultivators.

Then, to many surprises, he shows up on that Lanling Jin Discussion Conference.

And he was not alone.

Nor was he unaffiliated.

(in which everyone made to know Wei Ying is now part of Wen Sect, except Wei Ying himself)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

“Wei-xiong?! You came?!” Come the delighted gasp of one Nie Huaisang.

He was resigned himself to yet another long-suffering Discussion Conference. This would be his first Discussion Conference in Lanling Jin, but he had heard *things* from Da-ge. The food and wine they served were excellent, of course since Jin Sect has money to burn and flaunts, but that doesn't make up to its terrible companies and atmosphere.

Case in the point, Nie Huaisang regretting of splitting up from Da Ge in search of something to entertain himself, only to ends up having to listen to Jin Zixun talking his ears off about wine and something something so-called priceless treasure.

How did he end up like this? Was this Karma?

He was suffering and wish someone else come to save him, when the gods above answered his plea.

To be exact, Nie Huaisang turned his head for five seconds, before his eyes zeroed to the only person in the room who wear black. A familiar person.

“Ah, Nie-xiong!” Wei Wuxian greeted. “I missed you!”

“Me too!” Nie Huaisang beamed. “Can't believe I meet you here!”

Nie Huaisang noted with interest that somehow, Wei Wuxian looks healthier than when he was under Jiang's care. Looks better. His cheeks are properly filled with meat and no longer he has black eyes concealed under make up, and his robes, a very high-quality robes made from fine silk with red embroidery that looks *very* familiar but somehow Nie Huaisang can't place it what exactly. A small part of him was irritated that Wei Wuxian grow even taller than before, leaving Nie Huaisang as the dwarf of the group.

Speak of group,

“What is this son of servant doing here?!” Nie Huaisang almost forgot about Jin Zixun. Almost.

What a shame.

Wei Wuxian glanced at this fat peasant with cool eyes. “And you are?”

Wow. Jin Zixun turned red so fast, he thought only Madam Yu and Jiang Wanyin capable of such feat. Were they somewhat related?

“You...!” He gritted his teeth and Nie Huaisang slowly fanned his face because, yuck, his breath smells. “Do you have no manner, you son of a servant?!”

To his irritation, this draws attention.

Yet Wei Wuxian stays calm.

“First, I was asking politely so there is no need to yell. That, too, is a bad manner.” He scolds. “Second, I was invited as plus one.”

There’s unspoken “otherwise I won’t even deign to step a foot here even if you pay me to” radiating from Wei Wuxian.

Something that he won’t do back when he was still affiliated with the Jiangs.

Was being rogue, being independent and freely in charge of his own action and consequences, doing things on his own terms, could bring so much change? Such a confidence?

Maybe it is. Wei Wuxian no longer have to thread carefully between Yu Ziyuan and Jiang Wanyin’s less than stellar temper (he remember the previous Discussion Conference where Wen Ruohan himself scolds and make derisive remarks on said temper). He no longer had to underplay his ability. He can freely do what he wants, be comfortable in his own skin without fear of punished for simply being himself.

Yeah.

Nie Huaisang could see that.

But that brought question, where did he afford such high-quality clothes? And who invites him? Was Wei Wuxian affiliates with another clan? But who—

“Oh yeah?” Jin Zixun cut through Nie Huaisan’s monologue with his horrible voice. “And who would invite someone like you?”

“Is there any problem?” A cool, collected voice cut sharp.

Wen Xu had inserted himself into the conversation.

“Greetings to Wen-gongzi.” And here he goes, boot-licking mode on. “Pardon for unsightly display but this son of a servant need to be taught his position!” He pointed at Wei Wuxian with sneering triumphant face.

Nie Huaisang was ready to go into Wei Wuxian’s defense but,

“Wei Wuxian is the Wen Sect’s honored guest.” Wen Xu stated with eyes narrowed. “Any slight or insult towards him would be taken as disrespect to Qishan Wen as a whole.”

Jin Zixun turned pale in shock.

“W-wha..” He gaped, not unlike fish out of water. “What do you mean?! He is just a son of a servant! Ungrateful brat that bite hand that feeds him! How could—”

Pressure spikes up and nearly sends Nie Huaisang to his knees, if not for Wei Wuxian holds him. Giving a squeeze at shoulder, as if trying to reassure Nie Huaisang that it will be alright, Wei Wuxian turned to Wen Xu.

“Wen Xu, calm down.” He spoke softly, patting his arm. “Look. This is banquet, it’s your chance to relax and unwind before you had to go to Discussion Part and deals with Political mumbo jumbo. Don’t stress yourself prematurely.” Smiling mischievously, he pokes Wen Xu in the head. “Or you might get wrinkles, cultivation be damned.”

Miraculously, Wen Xu eased out the pressure.

“You’re right.” He threw Jin Zixun a disdainful look. “He is not worth it. Let’s go.”

“Ah, wait a moment,” Wei Wuxian stopped him, “can Nie-Xiong come with us? I missed him. Well, if Nie-Xiong doesn’t mind, that is.”

“Nah, I doubt you are worse company.” Nie Huaisang tried to wave it off as he follow Wei Wuxian and Wen Xu to somewhere more pleasant.

He glanced at the two men before him, wondering how did they know each other to the point of being in name basis. Then his eyes notice something.

The embroidery and style of their robes mirroring each other.

It took all of Nie Huaisang’s self-control to not scream or rip his fan into two.

He was too goddamn late!

When he heard Wei Wuxian was exiled from Jiang Sect because reasons (which he know was a load of bullshit and cover up for Madam Yu and Jiang Wanyin can no longer tolerate of being surpassed by Wei Wuxian), Nie Huaisang had planned to approach him. To offer a spot in Nie Sect. Sure, it means alienated the Jiang and cause political problem, but nothing he can weather off. And personally, in his opinion, Wei Wuxian was worth all the troubles!

He is a genius with heart of gold! A good companion! Nie Huaisang really need some brains and sense of humor after being surrounded with muscles for his whole time (no offense da ge), but,

But Wei Wuxian had gone! Vamoose from Jianghu! No news beyond some letters he got once in a while and even then it did not show much! Next thing happens, the Wen already stake their claims over him! Why else Wei Wuxian was named as honored guest and was given a black version of Wen Sect robes?! The style of Main Family at that!

HOW and WHEN?!

Da ge was right! The Wens are asshole! They got headstart before anyone else and refuse to play fair!

The AUDACITY!

The glass in Jiang Cheng's grasp is in danger of being shattered, with the way the Yunmeng Jiang heir clenched it so tightly. His eyes glared hatefully at one eyesore that has the audacity to laugh as if he owned this event. As if he has any right to be here.

Wei Wuxian. That son of a servant...!

After being sheltered by the Jiang, saved from street, fed, given clothes and education, instead of being grateful, he was being greedy! When Yunmeng Jiang is not enough for him, he leave and Join the Wen!

That ungrateful Son of a Servant!

A-Niang was right!

He should have been left in the street to die! Wei Wuxian is just a waste of resource! The dog that bite hands that feet it!

Jiang Cheng has half a mind to storm over there and giving Wei Wuxian a piece of his mind. Even better if he could make that ungrateful bastard kneeling on the ground, begs for mercy, like someone of his station should be when facing with his betters! He doesn't deserve to walks among them and—

Suddenly chills climbs on back of his spine.

Jiang Cheng whirled around to see who it was that give him the evil eyes.

His own purple eyes landed on pair of red.

Wen Ruohan himself stare straight at him, even while he was surrounded by minor sect leaders. He stares straight at Jiang Cheng with narrowed eyes and sharp smile, like predator contemplating whether to pounce its prey or not. The mouth parted open, and despite being physically afar, across the room with noisy people, Jiang Cheng can hear him just fine.

“Act upon your thoughts and I will make sure Yunmeng Jiang is razed to the ground.”

The glass almost slipped from Jiang Cheng's grasp, when his whole body feels numb.

Wen Ruohan is serious.

And worst part of it all,

IS BECAUSE OF THAT DAMN WEI WUXIAN!

Why?! Why is someone the likes of Wen Ruohan, the Sect Leader of biggest, wealthiest and strongest sect, put so much care at that damn traitor Wei Wuxian?! What did Wei Wuxian give him, to have direct protection and backing of Wen Sect?!

Why him? Why it was always him?!

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wen Ruohan took a deep breath to calmed himself.

He doesn't have good memories with Phoenix Mountain. Not when in another lifetime his clansmen were tortured and put into work befitting for *slaves*. The only good thing that come from that is showing how he was right that it was Qishan Wen vs entire cultivation world; and other Clans are utter hypocrite.

Urgh.

Wen Ruohan almost puke when Wei Ying chattering up with Nie Huaisang. He has half a mind to twist that soft boy to get back at Nie Mingjue, but seeing how Wei Ying certainly hold the shorter boy in high regard and quite close, he will leave him off the hook and instead relishing in utter jealousy and dismay and barely concealed seething behind the unfolded fans.

(It would be better if Nie Mingjue also seethes in jealousy as well, but that meathead probably won't see Wei Ying's brilliance for all it was and instead lumped Wei Ying in generic category he put the rest of Wen at.

No. it was not probably.

It was most definitely.)

Wen Ruohan was glad that, when Yu Ziyuan finally can't stand looking back next to Wei Ying's bright star compares to her or her son's mediocre ones and decided to kicks him out, Wei Ying choose to come after Wen Ruohan instead after one of his friends.

"Wen Lin!" Wei Ying called him over.

"Yes?" Wen Ruohan scoot over. "What is it?"

Wei Ying rambles about something. About the birds and how they are useful to send messages and can be trained, and wonder how far the distance they can cover, and how many birds can be released at same destination at a time, and wonder if someone could enchant letters to not only convey words but also voice. A recording device so to speak. Then something to mimic bird's ability to track something.

Certainly, the last one meant for disciple Ru Shuling. That boy can't read map to save his life, and his teammates has a lot to say about his navigational skill, or rather, lack thereof.

The theory ideas are getting quite interesting.

Hence, it was absolute shame that someone unintelligent crash into the discussion.

“Wen-zongzhu looks awfully close towards him.”

Wen Ruohan glanced.

Oh. It was just Yao-zongzhu.

“What of it?” Wen Ruohan ask coldly, his warmth and pleasantries slipping off.

Yao-zongzhu had the audacity to scoff does he know who he was talking to—oh wait. He’s drunk on too much wine. That explains so much. Great. This is going to be *spectacular*.

“Well, it was normal for us to get curious huh?” Spoke Yao-zongzhu. “You two are awfully close with this brat get preferential treatment. And what did he call you, Wen Lin?”

Wen Ruohan narrows his eyes.

“A piece of advice to Yao-zongzhu. My birth name, is not to be spoken just by anyone.” He warned.

He likes it when people call him by his birth name... but only by people who has the privilege of it, and Yao-zongzhu is the furthest thing from that privilege.

Just like other sect leaders.

“Yeah here’s that thing. Why is this rogue get that privilege?” Is he jealous? Oh wait. Stupid question. Of course, he is. “What is even your relationships are? Is he your lovers or something?”

Wen Ruohan froze.

The temperature arounds him spikes up.

“I beg you pardon”

“Well, it would explain a lot. I mean for an exiled menace, Wei Wuxian is quite chummy as he plasters himself on you. What else it would be if not your bed warm—”

Wen Ruohan threw him across the wall. Eyes blazing with murder.

“You dare.” He hissed. “You dare to accuse me having illicit relationship with a boy *less than half of my age?!?*”

He stalks towards Yao-zongzhu, ready to unsheathing his sword at any moment.

The pressure is heavy and cause others to panting, some even kneeling under the weight of it. Nie Mingjue looks ready to go fight him, if not for the fact he knows who is in the wrong and that person is not Wen Ruohan.

“You may call me a tyrant. Cruel dictator. A sadist. Despot. Whatever you want. However.”

The pressure intensifies that the nearby plant wilted before burst into flames.

“I draw the line of being called a predator towards *children*.”

Technically Wei Ying cannot be called children anymore, as he will turn nineteen in few months, but the fact stood that he was less than half of Wen Ruohan’s age—and he did not count extra years he got from Future that Never Was. That, and combined with he was not twenty just yet, in Wen Ruohan’s opinion, made Wei Ying still a child.

“Wen Lin.” Wei Ying hissed, tugging at his robe. “I know you’re pissed, hell, I would too, but calm down. You’re choking everyone.”

“Let them chokes.”

“Wen Lin! If you’re pissed then just at the offender! Have mercy on bystanders and those who knows nothing and do no wrong!”

Wen Ruohan glares at Wei Ying, who defiantly meet it with his own glare. A moment passed between them, and,

“Fine.”

The pressure eased up and many let out a relieved sigh of finally able to breathe again.

That, was scary.

“I’ll be retiring to my room.” Wen Ruohan announced. “Tell Yao-zongzhu that the next time he spoke carelessly like this, he might need a translator for I will take his tongue as payment. And while we are at it,” he scrunched his face at the now unconscious man, smelling something nasty, “someone, do kindly remove this embarrassment. He soiled himself.”

How that man is even a Sect Leader when he can’t control his body when facing with pressure, he never knows.

.

It was a known fact that Wen Ruohan is quite a tyrant who looking down on others.

So, undoubtedly, it come as huge shock when Wen Ruohan himself invites recently turned Rogue Cultivator, Wei Wuxian, into the conference, as guest of honor of Wen Sect.

Or not.

Anyone with eyes can see what Wei Wuxian is wearing. A black version of Wen Sect uniform. In fact, if Jin Guangshan’s memories didn’t fail him, it was a black version of Wen Ruohan’s robes when he was still a Sect Heir. All the more apparent when Wei Wuxian stood next to Wen Xu, who wore the formal Qishan Wen Sect Heir robe.

That, is basically the same as declaring Wei Wuxian as part of Qishan Wen. No. Wei Wuxian is considered as Heir Presumptive to Qishan Wen Sect! Something that even the Yunmeng Jiang Sect won't even consider, despite of taking him off of the street and the rumors of Wei Wuxian being the Jiang-zhongzu's bastard son.

Even more?

Both Wen Xu and Wen Chao seems to show likings towards him. Enough for Jin Zixun to bitch that Wen Xu swoops in and defends Wei Wuxian. Enough for Wen Chao who is notoriously refuses to listens to anyone not named Wen Ruohan, to heeds on Wei Wuxian's soft chastises. Even the other Heir Presumptive, Wen Qing (because Jin Guangshan has *eyes* and can see how Wen Ruohan is fond of his niece as much if not more than he does to his sons) has some fondness towards Wei Wuxian.

Hm.

What a shrewd move.

That Wei Wuxian is more cunning than what Jin Guangshan expected him to be. Getting close to the Wen and grabbing their hearts to cement his position among them.

He didn't see that coming. Truly he didn't.

That boy whom Jiang-zongzhu merely stated as cheerful and personable Head Disciple—sorry, *ex*-Head Disciple, and whom Yu Ziyuan stated as troublemaker and ungrateful bastard, is sure shaped up to be interesting and politically powerful pawn. If Jin Guangshan can place himself in Wei Wuxian's good graces, then it was guarantee he can have better connection to Qishan Wen. One that act as his shield from Wen Ruohan's wrath in case something happens. Yes.

Gods know Wei Wuxian is dotes a lot by the Wen.

Though perhaps, a bit *too much*...

At any rate, Jin Guangshan will keep his thoughts to himself. He does not want to repeat Yao-zongzhu's mistakes.

Who would have thought that Wen Ruohan has sore button? It was something no one should touch, however, lest they courting death.

Really.

If that incident proves anything, it was how Wen Ruohan values Wei Wuxian, to the point he will back down if told so.

Jin Guangshan should secure alliance with Wei Wuxian at any cost.

Perhaps his son could do in that front. They do go to same Gusu Lectures and were classmates, after all. Or he could send some female to talk with Wei Wuxian. He was a known flirt, no?

Chapter End Notes

JGS: Son, you must make friends with Wei Wuxian

JZX: *thinking back at Cloud Recesses Incident* *glance at protective Wen Disciples surrounds WY* Father, what the fuck do you want me to die or what?

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wei Ying looks different (~~gorgeous~~).

That was the first thought that crossed Lan Zhan's mind when Wei Ying sauntered to the vicinity. He was no less confusing (~~breathtaking~~) as he was when breaking in to the Cloud Recesses with jar of Emperor Smile in hand. Like the other time, a playful smile decorates his face as he excitedly talks. This time, to Nie Huaisang instead of him.

For some reason Lan Zhan feels... irritated... at the young heir of Nie.

The irritation flares up when Jin Zixun sneering at Wei Ying and looked down on him—yet Wen Xu of Wen Sect quickly inserts himself into the discussion—if it could be called that—and quickly defends Wei Ying. Making it clear that slighting Wei Ying won't go unpunished, with how he increased the pressure when Jin Zixun did not learn the memo the first time around.

Then Lan Zhan has to consciously keep his face from frowning when Wei Ying teasingly flick Wen Xu's forehead.

It was irritating, confusing, these feelings are.

For some reason Lan Zhan wanted to be in Wen Xu's place.

But touching forehead ribbon is forbidden except for family and spouse.

—except Wei Ying already did.

Not just touching. Pull it entirely.

Yet Wei Ying did not seem to be aware of the significance of the forehead ribbon and continue to fooling around others.

Just... what does exactly he view them as?

~~(He ignores the fact he was the one who stormed away instead demanding for explanation and responsibility when Wei Ying offers it to him in golden plate back then)~~

Lan Zhan's eyes glued to Wei Ying for the rest of the night.

Wei Ying who casually walks among the Wen and talk to them as equals. As friends.

Wei Ying who wears Wen Sect robe. Black in place of white. A different kind of robe, but noticeably Wen. Unlike Cloud Recesses uniform that has embroidery of natal sect in place of Gusu Lan's clouds. The black Wen Robe all but screaming how Wei Ying is one of them.

Wei Ying is part of Qishan Wen, no longer of the Yunmeng Jiang (has he ever been part of them, verbal claims and rumor aside? The only Jiang thing Wei Ying own was the lotus clarity bell and fighting style and that was it).

Perhaps the black robe was for outsiders who marry in.

...

...

...

...was Wei Ying married? Engaged? To whom?

Was it Wen Qing? She is the only female among the Qishan Wen delegations, and she is favored by Wen-zongzhu.

Was it Wen Ning, her shy brother, who invokes the urge to protect?

Was it one of Wen-zongzhu's sons?

~~(What about him? What about the two of them? Was Lan Zhan merely a fling?)~~

“What is even your relationships are?” Yao-zongzhu asked Wen-zongzhu. “Is he your lovers or something?”

...Wei Ying and Wen-zongzhu...

It was... not without reason.

Wei Ying called Wen-zongzhu with his birth name ~~(Lan Zhan thought it was something only he has privilege of)~~ and Wen-zongzhu stated that not just anyone is allowed to call him by that name.

Wei Ying pulled Lan Zhan's ribbon. Basically, proposing to him. And Wei Ying call Lan Zhan by name. not courtesy name.

Does it mean Wei Ying truly is with—

Suddenly Lan Zhan found himself being choked by truly powerful pressure that he clutched on the pillar to keep himself standing still. It was like the air in his lungs suddenly being replaced by burning fire.

“You dare!”

It hurts it hurts it hurts he can't breathe

“You dare to accuse me having illicit relationship with a boy *less than half of my age?!?*”

Stop it stop it calm down calm down ease the breathe tale small breathe hurt too hot burning lungs

“Wen Lin!” Lan Zhan heard Wei Ying call for Wen-zongzhu. He doesn’t know what follow next. Too busy trying to steady himself.

Then the pressure eased and he can breathe again.

Lan Zhan feels ill.

Both at the fact he just survived of being choked by fury-induced Qi-pressure, and because he *did* think Wen-zongzhu and Wei Ying has *that* kind of relationship.

That was a horrible, evil, no good thought, that was insulting to both Wei Ying—for invertedly call him a... whatever the line implied, and to Wen-zongzhu for assuming him to have depraved taste in bed partner.

He must punish himself for ever thinking such a thing.

Was Wei Ying know Lan Zhan is this kind of horrible, depraved man, that he takes back his proposal? He just forgot to notify Lan Zhan about it?

Wei Ying pulled Wen-zongzhu away, for enforced earlier bed time. Preferably before blood being spilled for real as Wen-zongzhu’s hand is still clutching his sword, and the rest of Qishan Wen delegation are ready to commit murder at any given moment.

The next morning saw the Qishan delegation grouped together and look at any outsider with distrustful eyes. Understandable, after the slight last night.

It seems Lan Zhan is unable to talk to Wei Ying for rest of the conference.

~~(He deserves this punishment)~~

.

Not for the first time, nor this will be the last time, Jiang Fengmian regrets and wished he was more assertive.

He really should have put his foot down when it comes to A-Xian.

He really should have restrained Yu Ziyuan after she makes her... third? Fifth? Tenth? Unreasonable demands. Demands that is clashed against Yunmeng Jiang teachings.

He really should have put more effort to make A-Xian feel at a home with Lotus Pier instead relying for A-Li to do the heavy lifting and hoping for A-Cheng to lightens up and not take much after his mother.

(Honestly, that woman was in the sect less than him and yet her reign of terror is much stronger.

The problem lies in him, isn't it?)

Had he does that, perhaps A-Xian would still be part of them. Never given up his position as disciple and cutting ties because of one woman's unreasonable demands based on imaginary slight.

Just like what happened to Changze.

It was like watching history repeats, and like that time, Jiang Fengmian was helpless in preventing it from happening.

Maybe he should have divorced her. He has enough ground to do it. It would reflect badly to his reputation and his children would be caught in the crossfire—except his reputation is not good nowadays thanks to his wife, and his children WERE and STILL ARE in the crossfire. It was one thing after another. An endless list of grievances and self-fulfilling prophecy.

It would be like ripping off bandage, or setting broken bone. Painful, but necessary in order to heals.

Maybe A-Cheng doesn't have to be gender-bend duplicate of his mother. Down to personality.

Maybe then A-Xian would be able to wear Jiang Purple with lotus embroidery as his status as Head Disciple demands and deserved, instead of plain black befitting of Rogue Cultivator.

Maybe then A-Xian won't have to wear Qishan Wen uniform, or be part of them.

Once again, Jiang Fengmian feels jealousy and irritation flares up as he looks at how at easy A-Xian is among Wen disciples. Commanding and guiding them like how he did back at Lotus Pier, except with few key differences but that doesn't matter in the long run.

Jiang Fengmian was not unaware how his own disciples gaze at the Wen contingent with unbridled, naked jealousy.

(A-Xian is the main reason anyone want to join the sect. Once he sent his resignation—after one too many hurtful accusations from Ziyuan finally made him snaps—several younger disciples turn in theirs not too long after. Unable to handle the toxicity without A-Xian to lighten up the atmosphere right after.)

Jiang Fengmian sighed and turn his gaze aside.

His eyes meet that of Wen Ruohan.

The man blinked lazily, and raised his cup with victorious smirk adorned his face.

(He wonders when did Wen Ruohan and A-Xian met, and how did the two come to form such a close bond to the point they call each other by birth name.

Was it since Qishan Discussion Conference?

A-Xian did have some sympathy towards Wen Ruohan. Jiang Fengmian still remember that conversation.

Just... what exactly is their relationship)

“...Wen-zongzhu.” He decided, that this once, to be brave and bite the problem head on, “does zongzhu mind to... enlighten us all, what exactly is the nature of your relationship between yourself and A-Xi—and Wei Wuxian?”

He was not imagining it when Wen Ruohan glares at him when he was about to call A-Xian the way he usually does.

How... possessive.

“Well,” Wen Ruohan swirled the cup. “I was thinking of adopting him,”

“What?” That came from Jin-zongzhu.

“...but considering how Wei Ying is proud of his parents, offering such a thing would be considered as insult, so that is a no.”

For some reason Jiang Fengmian feels hurt and inadequate.

~~(Because when was he consider Wei Ying's feelings and opinion? It must be during sword naming ceremony)~~

“But that doesn’t make sworn brotherhood is off the table.”

“Sworn... brotherhood.” Repeat Nie-zongzhu. “Between who?”

“Hmm... if Wei Ying sworn a brotherhood with either of my sons, I can claim him as my child as well. But he was closer to A-Ning and A-Qing, not that was a problem either.” No. that was not a problem. Both options would ensure and solidifying A-Xian’s position in the sect.

Something that Jiang Fengmian never able to give.

~~(coward coward coward what a useless man you are)~~

“Though I don’t mind of swearing the oath myself!”

Someone chokes on their drink.

“You?!”

“Why not?” Wen Ruohan blinked. Mischief evident in his eyes. Yet he doesn’t seem to be joking. “Wei Ying would make adorable and amazing little brother, won’t he?”

Ahh... Jiang Fengmian sighed.

He is so *jealous*.

Chapter End Notes

WRH: Be Wei Ying's honorary uncle, father, or elder brother? my my, what a tough choice. What to choose what to choose...?

JFM: I wish I have a fraction of that boldness. Just a small one would be enough.

End Notes

JC: The audacity of that son of a servant to leave Yunmeng Jiang and Join the Wen Sect!

NHS: The Audacity of the Wen stealing Wei-Xiong! Foul play!

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